

and sisters of the mercantile and professional classes have proved both their fitness and their indispensability as members of the nursing profession. Government Departments requiring the services of trained nurses insist on references proving their suitability "as regards education, character, and social status," and plenty are ready to produce the required evidence.

But the nursing profession will not be placed on a really sound footing until it is legally constituted and recognised by Act of Parliament. For over twenty years nurses have pleaded for this recognition, for the right to give a guarantee to the public of the professional fitness and skill of the nurses they employ, and the delay in the enactment of legislation, owing to the opposition of certain hospital committees and the political disabilities of women, is fraught with peril to the sick, for which anti-registrationists must largely be held responsible.

Speaking editorially on the suggestion to introduce semi-trained nurses instead of thoroughly qualified Queen's Nurses into rural districts in Ireland *The Irish Trained Nurse* says, "As no one would dream now of starting a poultry station without the assistance and advice of a trained expert, one, in fact, who would know the anatomy, physiology and pathology of a hen, surely then the same treatment would or should be meted out to the unfortunate people in the rural districts. They should be provided with fully-trained nurses."

TOMMY 5.

How is it, Tommy 5, when so many beloved faces have become "dim with the mist of years," that yours remains indelible? Your ugly little mean features, and the peculiar East End grime of your skin, which all the perfumes of Arabia could not whiten, to say nothing of the repeated applications of yellow soap by the practised and energetic hand of your conscientious nurse.

Christmas Eve! A long ward; half-completed preparations for the festival; weary nurses with aching feet, but, bless them! with self-forgetting hearts, are cheerfully relinquishing their hardly earned off-duty time to make Christmas bright and gay. They had arisen in the darkness of the early morning, tired and

sleepy though they were, to make the time-honoured visit to the market.

Young and happy, they soon ceased to regret their cosy beds, and had chattered and laughed and bargained with the best in that wonderful fairyland of blossom and fragrance. They had carried home immense burdens of pots, had laboured through the day with its exacting duties and grave responsibilities, and now are weary as only nurses understand the word.

But the indomitable spirit of your true nurse still prevails, and they are ascending ladders, fastening festoons, rubbing up tables as though no hard day's work lay behind them.

Tommy 5 eyes them with cold disapproval. He has been very ill with double pneumonia, and, though convalescent, his respirations are still shallow and impeded. But Tommy 5 does not suffer these slight inconveniences to interfere with his censorious attitude. For some hours he has suffered fools in silence. Then, with labouring effort, he hails Sister.

"'Ere!"

She crosses quickly to his bedside and bends to catch the words.

"They done it better in the 'Firmary," he gasped.

Apologising for her inferiority she withdraws, and shortly afterwards, finding there is a shortage of flowers, she appears at the ward door clad in a cloak and bonnet, with long veil, to go in search of more. Tommy's vigilant espionage discovers her there, and again he summons her.

"'Ere!"

"Yes, Tommy?"

"I wouldn't go art like that, if I wos yer, 'cos they'll land yer one if yer do."

"But why, Tommy?"

"'Cos yer a Sister Mary."

"Don't they like Sister Marys, then?"

"'Ates 'em," he replies laconically, and turns feebly in his bed.

His general disapprobation became more marked as the Festival drew on.

Presents were his, dainty jelly, beautiful grapes from nurse's own home, but he unbent not at all. The Chaplain, who was in his confidence, won from him a grudging admission that perhaps the nurses was not so bad, but they was most 'orrible doctors. He also wished he was back in the 'Firmary. "They makes yer better there, they makes yer worse 'ere."

On Christmas night, when the lights were low, the quiet night nurse paused by his bed.

"Did you have a nice Christmas, Tommy?"

"I'd sooner a bin in the 'Firmary," he said.

"You 'ad better presents there, and a sight larger pudden."

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